

Eeny, Meeny, Miny, Moe

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Summary: He had always known that he was different. Which was what lead him to take this particular career path. He had expected for it to bring excitement into his life, or at the very least to ease the mind numbing boredom his life was. Sadly, it failed to live up to his expectations, no matter how low those expectations were.

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****Disclaimer**:** This story is based on characters and situations created and owned by J.K. Rowling. No money is being made.

****Written for the Quidditch League â€“ Season 4 Fanfiction Competition â€“ Round 1****

****Prompt: Where My Death Eaters At?****

We'll be giving some special appreciation to our favourite antagonists this round! The catch? There will be absolutely no Death Eater-y stuff allowed! No torturing muggles, wreaking havoc, or trying to take over the world. Just the casual lives of these evil little fellas. May it be fluff, angst or romance, the choice is all yours.

Clarification Note: If your character willingly became a Death Eater (IE â€“ wasn't Imperiused into it) at some point in the series, then feel free to write about them for this round!_

****Chaser 2:**** Write about your chosen Death Eater being at work

Additional prompts:

#2. (word) Unpleasant

#3. (quote) "When you pay attention to boredom it gets unbelievably

interesting." â€“ Jon Kabat-Zinn

#9. (emotion) Anger

Chaser 2 for the Wimbourne Wasps

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><p>Eeny, Meeny, Miny, Moe

His father used to say that when one paid attention to boredom it became unbelievably interesting. To this day, he still could not see what his father meant. Then again, he did not believe that his father understood boredom. At the very least, his father was not as familiar with boredom as he had always been. He doubted his father understood true boredom. He doubted his father knew what it felt like to have such utter apathy towards everything that even when he had entered the ancient walls of Hogwarts â€“ a place so fascinating that those who had always been around magic still felt awed by its splendor â€“ there had not been a hitch in his own breath.

That had been the moment he knew for certain that he was different. While purebloods had perfected their emotionless masks, they did feel. They were just as human as every other witch or wizard, no matter how much they pretended otherwise. He was not so sure about himself, though.

Aside from the utter boredom he experienced every single day of his life, he felt little else.

Rabastan sighed when he heard the alarm sounding in his part of the tomb. He shook his head. It was not like him to be so maudlin; though, he supposed it was to be expected considering the recent happenings in his life. He had taken on the work of a curse breaker thinking that at least it would bring some enthusiasm into his life. He had not been asking for much, however when one of the warnings on the employment sheet had been: _Death rate high_, it had been natural to assume that at the very least some excitement would have been involved. If he had been able, he would have felt disappointed when that had not been proven true.

"What seems to be the problem?" he asked as soon as he saw his fellow curse breakers further down the tomb in a side chamber.

One of them, Rabastan thought his name was David, paled slightly upon seeing him, though the other two did not look much better. Their reactions did not surprise him in the least. They might have been on that particular job for a little more than three days, but it was hardly the first job he had taken and word traveled fast. He knew all about the gossip floating around about him; that he put the _strange_ in Lestrange, that he was abnormal, that he was a creep, a freak, and many other things that all meant the same in the end. Truly, such a lack of imagination. Still, the end results were the same; most of the curse breakers he worked with were terrified of him.

"Hum," Jackson cleared his throat. "We triggered a ward; it sealed the tomb."

Rabastan raised an eyebrow. It was hardly the first time that such a situation had occurred. They simply needed to break that ward â€“

which was why they were there to begin with.

"I-it-it's different from all the others."

Rabastan had thought it impossible for his brow to go any higher. He had been aware that Riley was not the brightest lumos, however this level of stupidity was astounding. Of course the ward was different from the others; it was a fail-safe ward. Such a ward was always different. However, it was also one of the first things they were taught to break when they applied for the job. He could see no reason for their panic.

"What he means is that this ward is different from all fail-safe wards we have ever seen," Jackson told him.

Wellâ€| that was interesting. Oh. _Oh_. This was rare, so very rare. He could count on the fingers of one hand the amount of times that excitement had actually washed through his body, making him feel truly alive. He closed his eyes for a fraction of a second, savoring the faster beat of his heart, the blood pumping through his veins, and the ability to simply feel.

"I see," he whispered, opening his eyes. David took a step back, and Rabastan was almost certain that it was due to his smile. Maybe he was smiling wrong? It was not as if it mattered, though; he had more important things to think about at the moment, such as an unknown fail-safe ward.

Rabastan aimed his wand at the wall that his co-workers were standing in front of, casting every identification spell he knew at it. His lips stretched wider and wider at the information he was receiving. His co-workers had been right, for once. It was a new ward. Something never seen before, or at the very least not recently.

He closed his eyes, calling forth his magic, and shot a compressed sphere of pure magic at the ward. It shimmered for a moment, sparkling like broken shards of crystal in the sunlight before it disappeared once more.

"You were right," he whispered, echoing his earlier thoughts. He could not quite stop a small chuckle from bubbling up his throat. The sound was raspy, like the rattling breath of an old man, and he caught the flinch from the other wizards. However, it barely registered in his mind, focused as he was on the ward in front of him. It was something different, something interesting. This was why he had procured the job of a curse breaker, and finally, finally, it was living up to its promise. "Shush. Let me think," he snapped.

"We didn't say anything," Jackson murmured.

"You are breathing," Rabastan replied, not even deigning to turn around and face them. They were unimportant, utterly unimportant. He just needed to keep hold of this feeling, feeling! When was the last time he had felt such as this? When his brother was married to Bellatrix was the most recent time he could recall. Though, that had not truly surprised him. He had always been possessive over his brother, the idea of some witch having a claim on Rodolphus had left a rotten taste in his mouth. Though that had changed once he made it clear to Bellatrix that his brother was just that, his. Bellatrix

had taken one look at him, and he had known that she understood. She might not have known what was wrong with him, but she had been able to identify a soul as broken as hers " even if in a different way. Bellatrix was all about fire and passion; she was full of life and emotions. He was her exact opposite. They would never be something as mundane as friends; however, they did understand one another. If she broke what belonged to him, she would die. He confessed that he had been pleased by her swift understanding.

He hummed when a parchment formed in front of him, writing appearing on it as it grew. He snatched it from the air as soon as the last line was written, eyes bright and heart racing.

"Oh." His shoulders dropped a fraction, his heartbeat slowing.

Just like that, it was over.

He wanted to say he was disappointed. He wanted to feel it.

He had learned early on that wanting for it would do him no good.

"Is something wrong?"

He glanced up when he heard Jackson's question.

"I found out how to break the ward."

"Really?" David squeaked and Rabastan did not even glance at the man. "Why do you look so down, then?"

"I had been expecting more of a challenge. This was fairly easy, as is breaking the ward."

"But that's good!" Riley brightened up, a large grin spreading on his lips. "What is it then? How do we break it?"

"We kill one of you," Rabastan replied, looking at the parchment still in his hands.

"What?" Jackson whispered, making Rabastan glance up.

"Is something the matter?" He raised an eyebrow. Had he been unclear in his answer?

"I'm sorry, I could swear you said we had to kill someone."

Rabastan frowned. "No, that is not what I said." His co-workers had not even had time to relax before he continued, "I said we would kill one of you. Not someone. One of you."

Jackson gaped at him for a moment, before a scowl formed on his features. "Cut the crap, Lestrange, and stop kidding around."

"I do not kid." He knew the mechanics behind it, of course, however he had never seen the point of it. He tilted his head slightly. "Are you angry?"

"Of course I'm fucking angry!" Jackson snarled, taking a step towards him only to be pulled back by David and Riley. "You just told us we

have to kill someone, what the fuck did you think would happen?"

Well, certainly not what was happening now. Had they not wanted a solution to the ward? Now they had it. He could not understand why that would make them angry. Given, he was far from an expert where emotions were concerned, but he had experienced anger a time or two. Though, not quite like what he was seeing now. Maybe what he had felt those times had not been anger? Irritation maybe? Perhaps annoyance? Those were rather similar to anger, were they not? The descriptions he had found on the subject lent credence to that belief. Still, none of it made him understand why they would be angry now.

"You wanted an answer to the ward. I gave you one. I fail to see how that would anger you."

"You- you fail to see? _You fail to see_? I'm going to fucking kill you!" Jackson lunged at him once more, and he had enough.

With a sharp flick of his wand all three wizards were silenced, bound and frozen in place. "You are being irrational," he scolded. "We need to leave. To leave we need to break this ward. This ward cannot be broken by any other means that we know of. So, by that logic, we must kill one of you." It seemed rather simple to him. "Now we just need to decide on which one of you will be killed. If it were up to me, I would pick Riley, simply because he is not the brightest lumos around. Truthfully, we could consider it a social service. There is only so much stupidity that should be allowed in the world. However, I can hardly be the only one choosing."

Rabastan removed the silencing charm from them, raising an eyebrow and waiting for an answer. David and Riley seemed on the verge of being sick, while Jackson was glaring darkly at him. "Go fuck yourself!" Jackson spat at him.

Rabastan shook his head slightly and silenced them once more. Well, if they were going to be difficult about it, he might as well do it himself. His brother used to play a game with him when they were little. What was it again? Oh, right. He turned, pointing at Riley first. "Eeny, meeny, miny, moe. Catch a kneazle by the toe. If he hollers, let him go. Eeny, meeny, miny, moe." He raised an eyebrow. "Well, it would seem that it is your lucky day, David." He unfroze his co-worker, sighing when the man started backing away from him. "Do not make this more unpleasant than it needs to be," Rabastan admonished him. "This has long since become tedious for me. I wish to be done with it." Rabastan completely disregarded the deadly glare Jackson was aiming at him and grabbed David by the arm, dragging him forward even while David struggled every step of the way. It was futile, of course. Rabastan was far more muscular than David, as well as a head taller. Then, Rabastan threw David against the wall where the ward was anchored.

The ward flared, bathing the chamber in all the colors of the rainbow. David screamed, the sound echoing around the room, creating a macabre symphony.

He could see his two remaining co-workers screaming soundlessly, their horrified gazes on the thrashing form of David. Rabastan watched on, a sort of detached fascination filling him for the moment.

The ward flared once more, David's screaming rising in pitch, then there was silence. The ward remained visible for a moment, and then, with the sound of cracking glass, it shattered.

David's body crumbled to the ground, his skin blackened where it had been in contact with the ward.

Rabastan's lips twitched. So this was what happened when one used something's life force to break a ward. Well, that had been interesting to see. A true shame that it was already finished.

"You're a monster," came a whisper from behind him. He turned, glancing at Jackson and Riley.

"So I have been told."

Apparently the magical charge in the chamber had broken their binding. That simply would not do. Faster than the two shocked men could process, Rabastan had his wand pointed at them.

He had reached his private tent by the time he heard the horrified cries of Riley and Jackson, who had both just walked into the chamber and found the dead body of their friend.

His lips twitched; memory charms truly were a wonderful creation.

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><p>A.N.: Thank you the the amazing Frida and Ellen for beta'ing. You guys are amazing.

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